Friday

Ed Brubaker
Marcos Martín
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Chapter Nine
How the Story Ends

FRIDAY WAS BEING PULLED IN TOO MANY DIRECTIONS AT ONCE...
SHE WANTED TO HUG LANCE... BUT SHE ALSO WANTED TO SCREAM AT HIM...
HOW COULD HE HAVE BEEN ALIVE ALL THIS TIME AND HIDDEN FROM HER?
HE -THE OTHER ME- HE SAID I WAS TAKEN AS A BABY...
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...?
I COULD FEEL IT INSIDE... AS I WAS CHANGING...
LANCE...
IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING WAS WAKING UP IN MY STOMACH... LIKE A MILLION BUTTERFLIES...
LANCE -I NEED YOU TO LISTEN...
I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

BUT FRIDAY, DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND* WHAT-
STOP TALKING.
I'M DOWN TO *FOUR MINUTES*, YOU SELF-CENTERED *ASSHOLE*!
YOU SENT ME HERE FROM THE *FUTURE* TO HELP YOU... SO LET ME HELP.
00:04
OKAY... *SORRY*...
UM, *I* SENT YOU?
YES, THIS IS A *MAGIC WATCH*...
YOU LEFT IT FOR ME AT THE *ARCADIAN HALL*... IN A *SECRET* COMPARTMENT...
00:03
I DID...? BUT...
I DON'T *HAVE* A MAGIC TIME TRAVELLING *WATCH*...

WELL THEN I GUESS YOU'RE GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE ONE...
AND PRETTY QUICK...

YOU LEAVE ME YOUR CASEBOOK, TOO, AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT...
AND A NOTE AT THE LIBRARY THAT HELPS ME FIND THE WATCH...
RIGHT... OKAY...

GOD... Y'KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU HAD LEFT ME THIS TRAIL TO FOLLOW...
THAT YOU SOMEHOW KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO BE MURDERED...

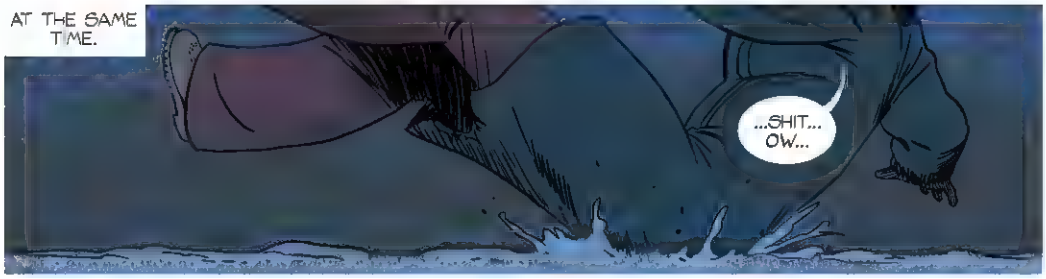
BUT YOU WERE ALIVE THE WHOLE TIME.

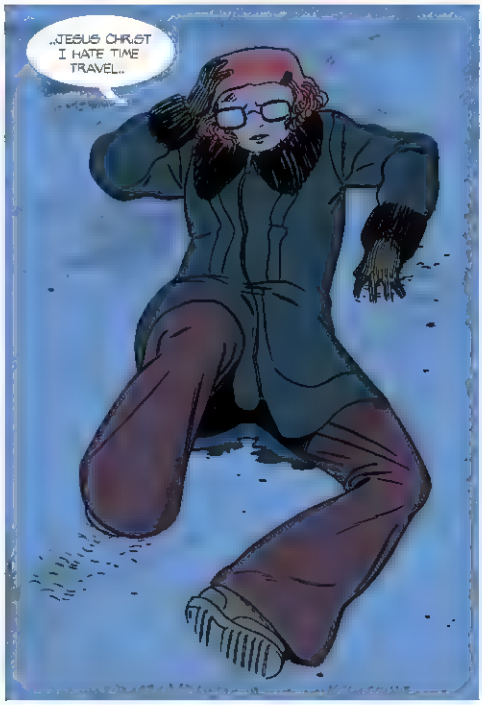
I NEVER CRIED SO MUCH IN MY FUCKING LIFE, LANCE...
WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME?
JUST KNOCK ON MY WINDOW...
HEY, I'M SECRETLY ALIVE.
I DON'T KNOW...
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...
I'M SORRY.
WELL, THERE'S NO CHANGING IT NOW... IT'S WHAT HAPPENED.

BUT YOU NEED TO GET YOUR *HEAD* TOGETHER NOW...
WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S *HAPPENED* TO YOU...
THE WHITE LADY'S *PLAN* IS MORE IMPORTANT.
WE NEED TO *STOP HER.*
ALL I KNOW IS HER PEOPLE, THE *FAE* CREATURES, HAVE BEEN *SNEAKING* INTO KINGS HILL THE PAST FEW MONTHS...
I SUSPECT THEY'RE AWAKENING *CHANGELINGS*...
OTHERS LIKE ME...
YEAH, IT'S AN *INVASION* OF SOME KIND. I HEARD HER *SERVANTS* TALKING...
THERE'S SOME *CEREMONY* TOMORROW NIGHT -MY TOMORROW...
BACK IN THE FUTURE.
RIGHT...

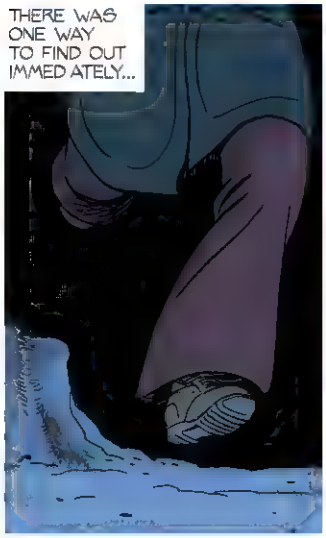
THIS IS... SO STRANGE...
ALL OF IT.
I'M SORRY... I KNOW YOU'RE FREAKING OUT...
BUT I'M REALLY GLAD YOU'RE NOT DEAD...
...
OKAY, I'M ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR...
MEET ME AT HEADQUARTERS AT FOUR IN THE MORNING... DECEMBER 28TH...
00:01
RIGHT... FOUR IN THE MORNING... THE 28TH...
AND YOU BETTER HAVE FIGURED THIS OUT...
BY THEN...
FRIDAY...?

BY THEN...
BY THEN...
GOING BACK TO HER OWN PLACE IN TIME ISN'T MUCH BETTER THAN THE JOURNEY BACKWARDS WAS...
IT'S LIKE BEING STRETCHED AND CRUSHED ALL AT ONCE...
LIKE NOTHING MATTERS.. OR EVERYTHING MATTERS EXCEPT HER...
LIKE SHE'S NOTHING IN THE FACE OF THE INFINITE...
IT SOMEHOW TAKES FOREVER.
AND GOES BY IN A SPLIT SECOND.


AT THE SAME TIME.
...SHIT... OW...


...JESUS CHRIST I HATE TIME TRAVEL...

AM I... BACK...?


THERE WAS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IMMEDIATELY...

WOULD HE BE THERE?
...LANCE...?

OH GOOD, YOU'RE HERE...

...WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET THERE...

BUT WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON.
OH THANK GOD...

MOST OF THE TOWN FROZE OVER IN THE EIGHT HOURS YOU WERE GONE...
SO I THINK THE WHITE LADY'S CEREMONY IS AT DAWN, NOT-
WAIT -HANG ON... LET ME CATCH MY BREATH, WILL YA?

BUT... WE'RE LATE ALREADY...
WELL, TOO BAD...

I NEED A CIGARETTE.

YOU SMOKE NOW?
EVERYONE SMOKES AT COLLEGE.
CAN I HAVE ONE?
OKAY.
HERE... LET ME...
YUCK... THEY TASTE DISGUSTING..
YOU GET USED TO THAT.
NO... I DON'T THINK SO...
CAN WE GO NOW?
YEAH, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO KINGS HILL... I TOLD YOU, IT FROZE OVER WHILE YOU WERE BACK IN TIME...
MOST OF THE TOWNSFOLK ARE TRAPPED IN THEIR HOMES...
AND THE WHITE LADY'S CEREMONY STARTS AT FIRST MORNING LIGHT...

WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW HOURS TO SAVE EVERYONE.
SO, YOU FIGURED IT ALL OUT?

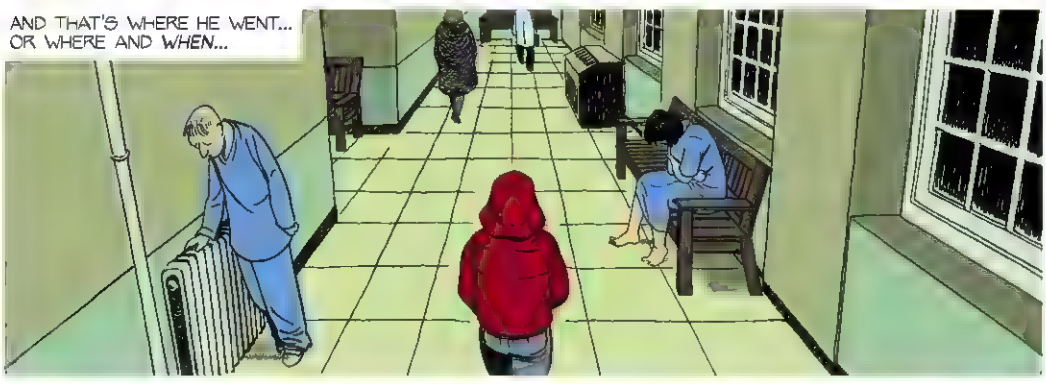
MOSTLY... BUT IT WAS MY MOM WHO GAVE ME THE FINAL PIECE...

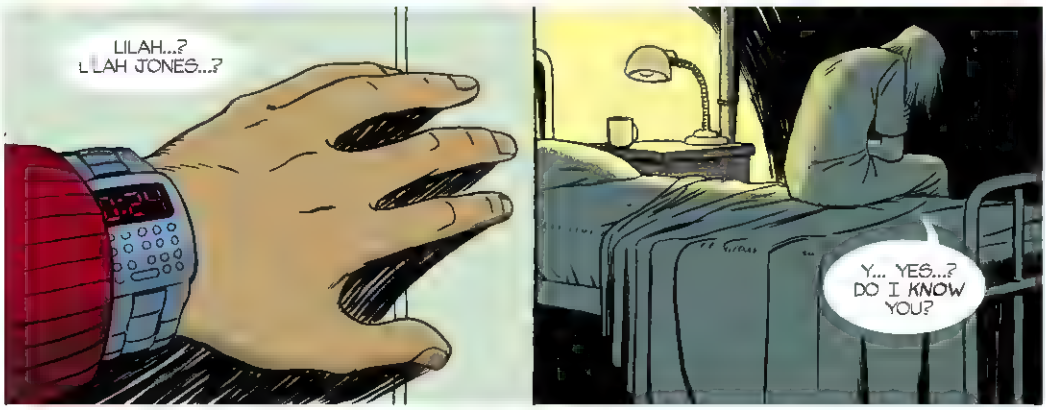
WAIT... YOUR MOM?

YES... I HAD TO TEST THE TIME PIECE BEFORE I GAVE IT TO YOU...

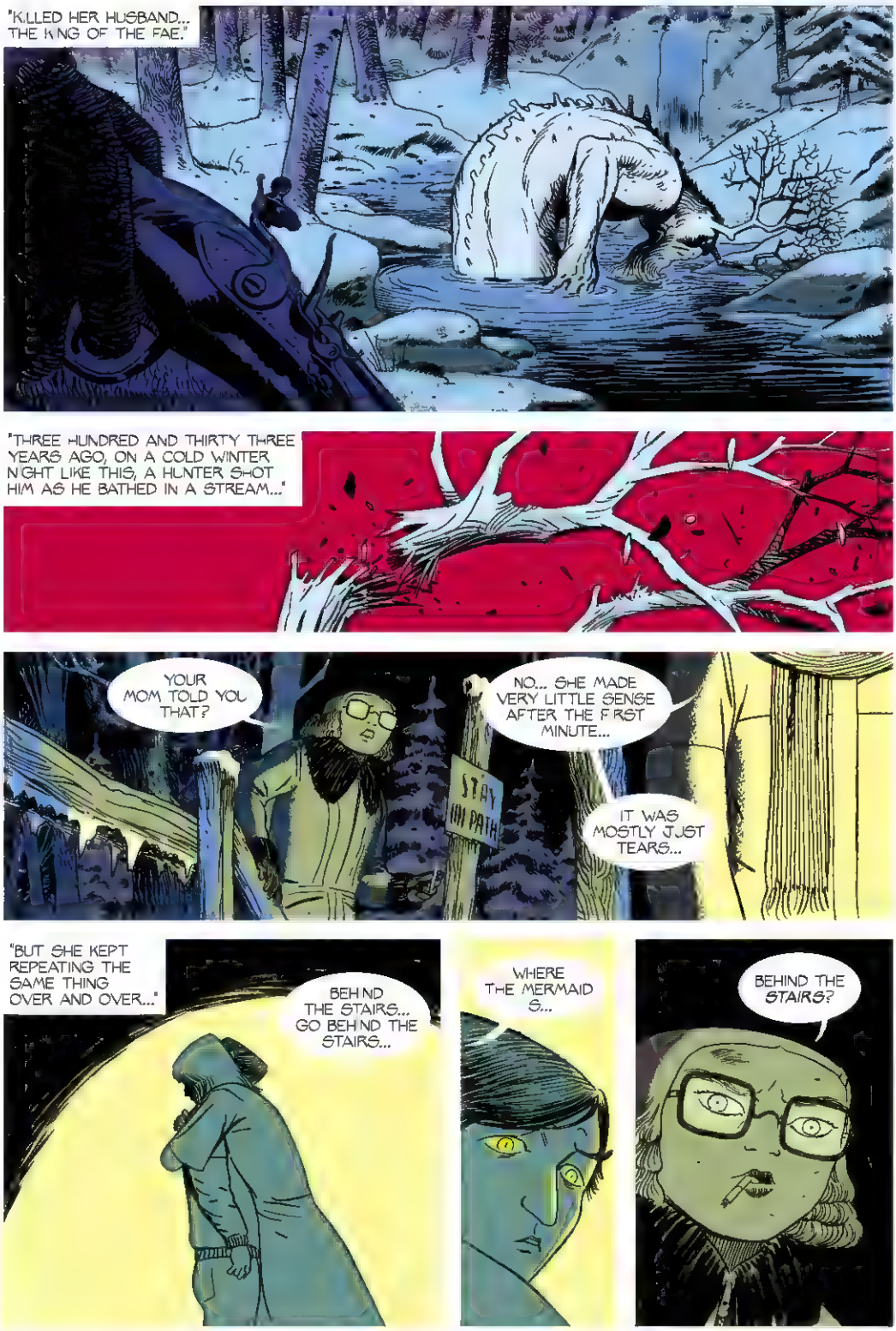
AND ONCE I FOUND OUT WHAT I WAS... WHAT I AM...
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MOM MADE A LOT MORE SENSE...

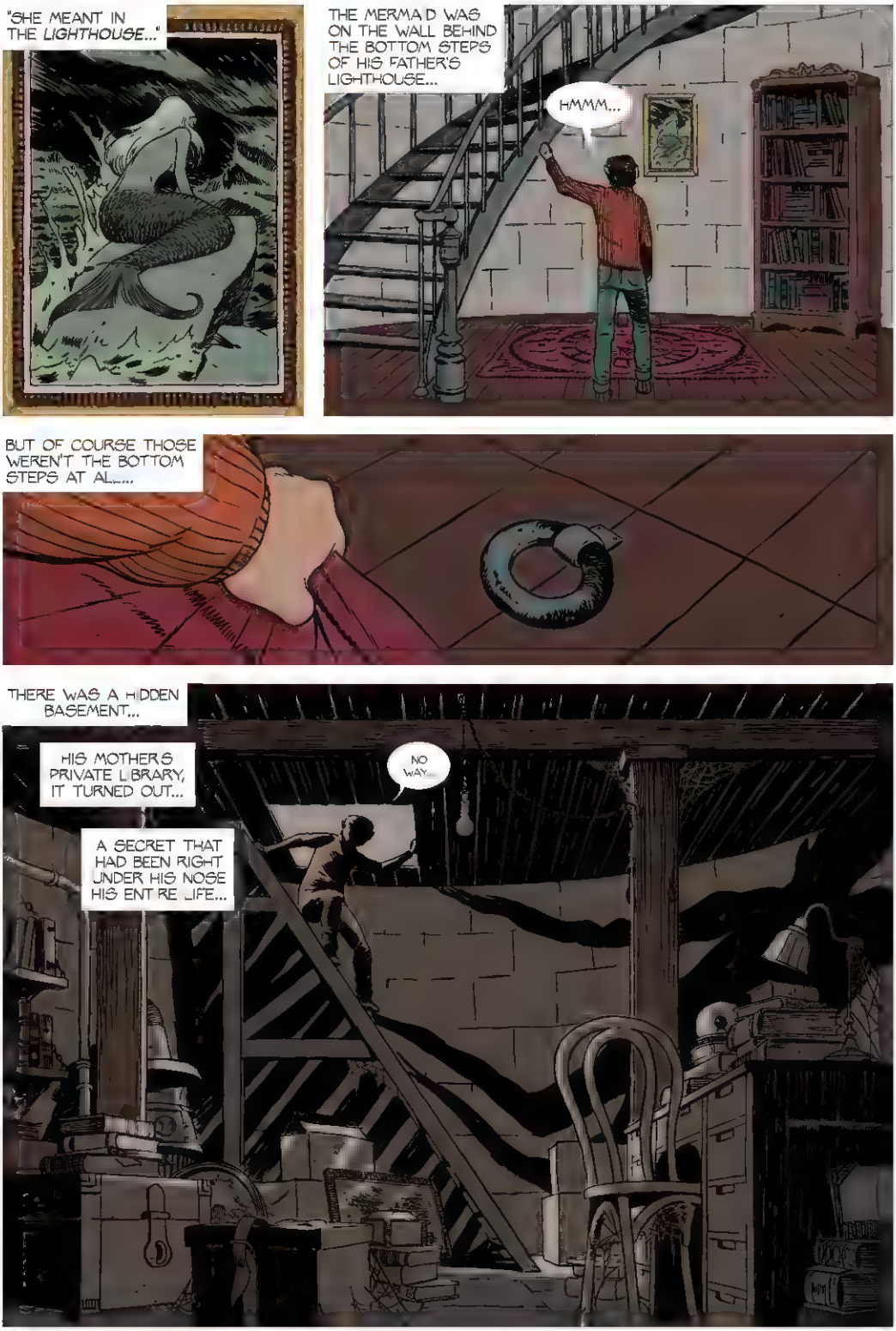
IT'S TOO TRAGIC A STORY, ONE EVEN CHILDHOOD BULLIES STAYED AWAY FROM...
LANCE'S MOTHER DIED IN THE KINGS GATE INSANE ASYLUM WHEN LANCE WAS JUST TWO YEARS OLD...


AND THAT'S WHERE HE WENT... OR WHERE AND WHEN...


LILAH...? LILAH JONES...?
Y... YES...? DO I KNOW YOU?

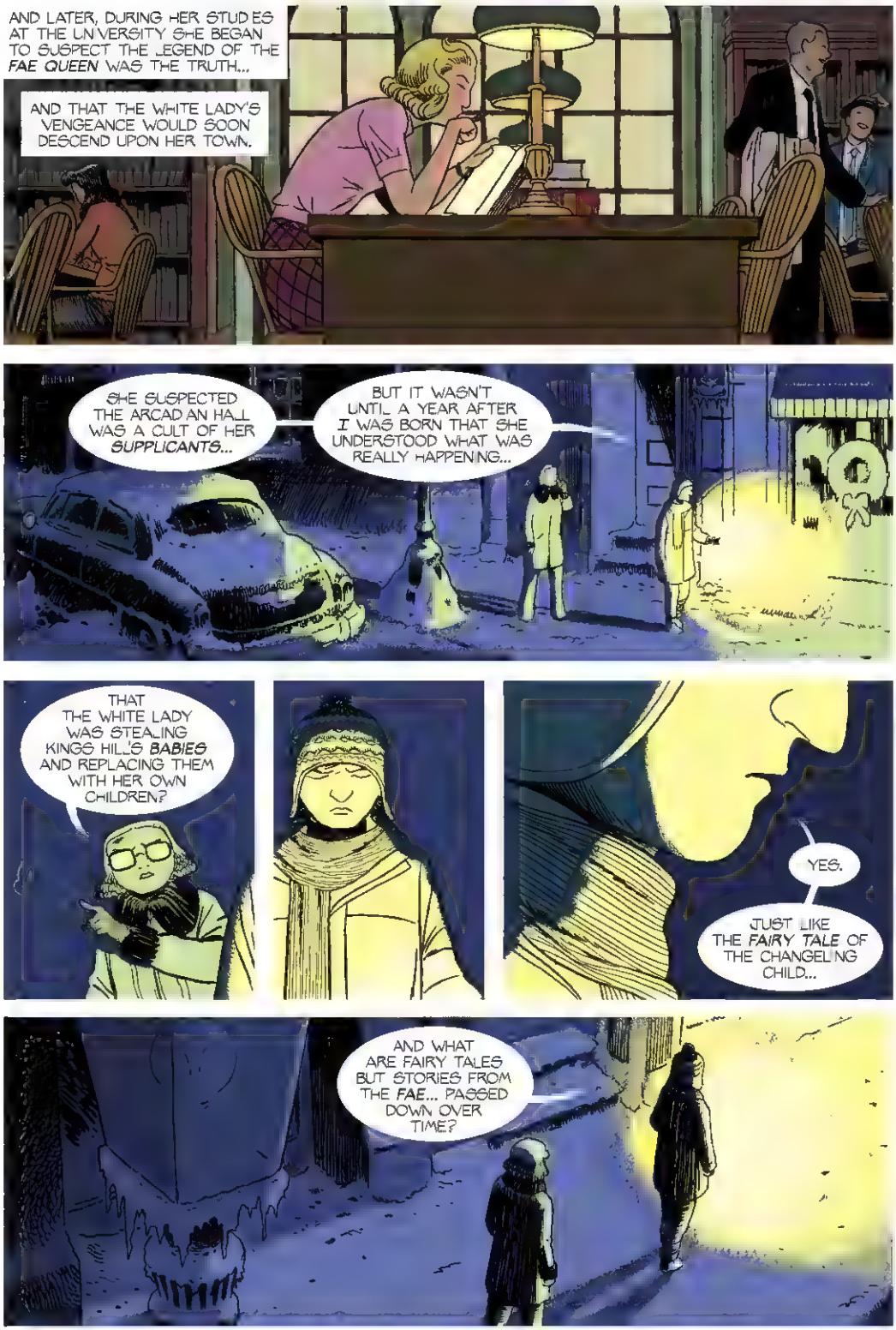
I THINK YOU MIGHT...
MOM.
SHE WAS BROKEN, YOU KNOW?
LIKE PART OF HER WAS THERE AND MADE SENSE...
AND PART OF HER WAS JUST SCARED AND CONFUSED...
OH MY BOY... I'M SORRY... I TRIED...
I TRIED TO SAVE YOU FROM HER...
YOU MEAN THE WHITE LADY?
THE FAE QUEEN... YES... SHE'S COMING...
COMING FOR ALL OF KINGS HILL... BECAUSE OF WHAT WE DID...
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
WHAT DID KINGS HILL DO TO THE WHITE LADY?

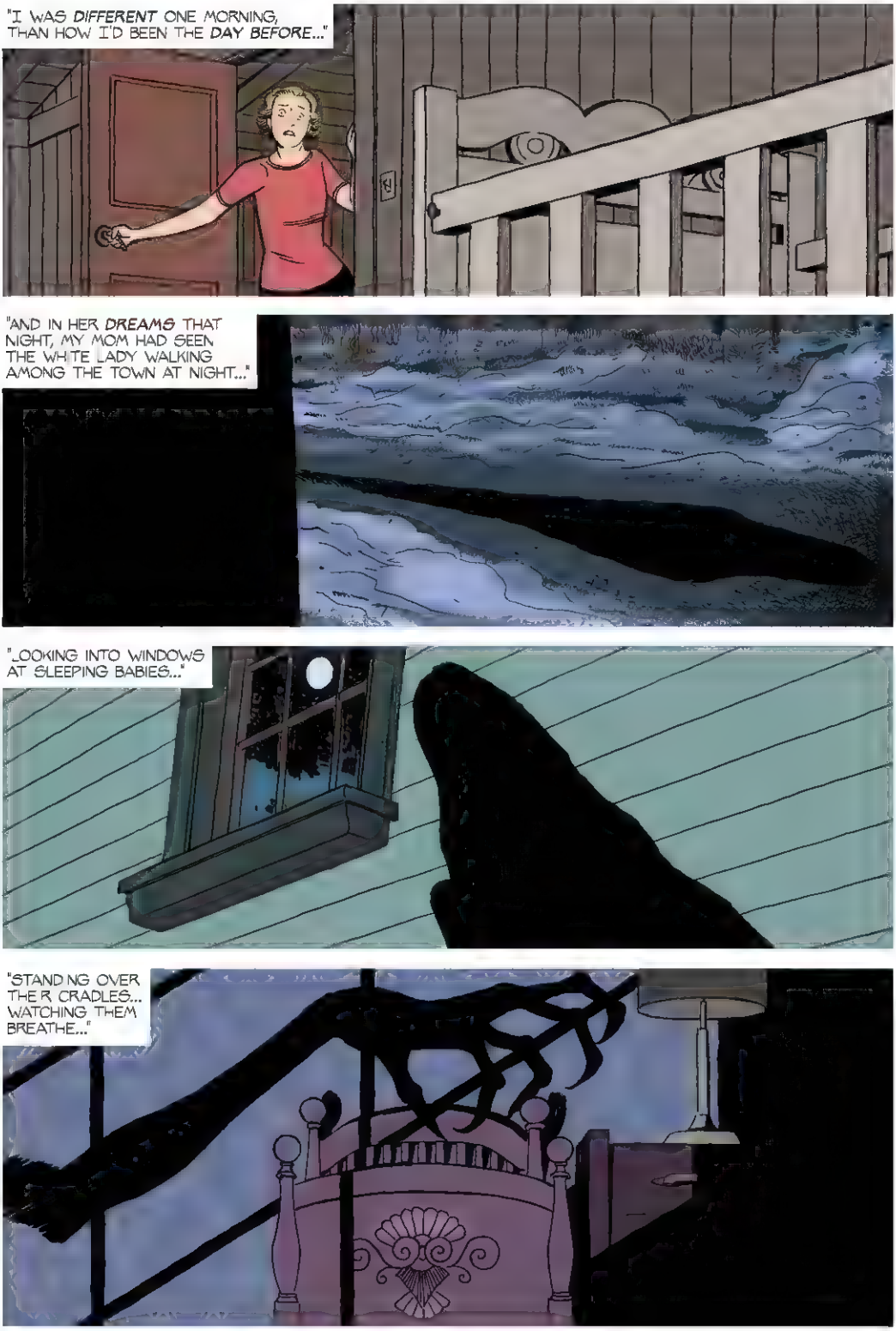

"KILLED HER HUSBAND... THE KING OF THE FAE."
"THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THREE YEARS AGO, ON A COLD WINTER NIGHT LIKE THIS, A HUNTER SHOT HIM AS HE BATHED IN A STREAM..."
YOUR MOM TOLD YOU THAT?
NO... SHE MADE VERY LITTLE SENSE AFTER THE FIRST MINUTE...
IT WAS MOSTLY JUST TEARS...
STAY ON PATH
"BUT SHE KEPT REPEATING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER..."
BEHND THE STAIRS... GO BEHND THE STAIRS...
WHERE THE MERMAID S...
BEHIND THE STAIRS?


"SHE MEANT IN THE LIGHTHOUSE..."
THE MERMAID WAS ON THE WALL BEHIND THE BOTTOM STEPS OF HIS FATHER'S LIGHTHOUSE...
HMMM...
BUT OF COURSE THOSE WEREN'T THE BOTTOM STEPS AT ALL....
THERE WAS A HIDDEN BASEMENT...
HIS MOTHER'S PRIVATE LIBRARY, IT TURNED OUT...
A SECRET THAT HAD BEEN RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE HIS ENTIRE LIFE...
NO WAY...

LILAH JONES WAS DESCENDED FROM THE VIKING PEOPLE WHO MIGRATED HERE AND LIVED AMONG THE NATIVE TRIBES A THOUSAND YEARS AGO...
IN THE TIME WHEN ANCIENT GODS ROAMED THESE HILLS...
AND ON HER SHELVES LANCE FOUND THEIR HISTORIES AND LEGENDS...
ALONGSIDE MYSTICAL TEXTS IN UNKNOWN LANGUAGES, ARCANE SCROLLS AND SPELL BOOKS...

AND LILAH'S OWN THEORIES ABOUT THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HER STRANGE LITTLE TOWN...
SHE WAS LIKE US, MY MOM...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
to
Kings Hi
POP:3800
"FROM WHEN SHE WAS JUST A CHILD, SHE NOTICED THIS PLACE WAS DIFFERENT..."
"AND SHE INVESTIGATED IT..."
YES, BACK IN THE LATE-30s YOUNG LILAH SAW THAT THINGS IN KINGS HILL WERE NOT NORMAL...
AND THAT CERTAIN FAMILIES, SUCH AS THE WADSWORTHS AND THEIR FRIENDS AT THE ARCADIAN HALL, HAD A WAY OF ALWAYS COMING OUT ON TOP...


AND LATER, DURING HER STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY SHE BEGAN TO SUSPECT THE LEGEND OF THE *FAE QUEEN* WAS THE TRUTH...
AND THAT THE WHITE LADY'S VENGEANCE WOULD SOON DESCEND UPON HER TOWN.
SHE SUSPECTED THE ARCADIAN HALL WAS A CULT OF HER *SUPPLICANTS*...
BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL A YEAR AFTER *I* WAS BORN THAT SHE UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS REALLY HAPPENING...
THAT THE WHITE LADY WAS STEALING KINGS HILL'S *BABIES* AND REPLACING THEM WITH HER OWN CHILDREN?
YES.
JUST LIKE THE *FAIRY TALE* OF THE CHANGELING CHILD...
AND WHAT ARE FAIRY TALES BUT STORIES FROM THE *FAE*... PASSED DOWN OVER TIME?


"I WAS DIFFERENT ONE MORNING, THAN HOW I'D BEEN THE DAY BEFORE..."
"AND IN HER DREAMS THAT NIGHT, MY MOM HAD SEEN THE WHITE LADY WALKING AMONG THE TOWN AT NIGHT..."
"...LOOKING INTO WINDOWS AT SLEEPING BABIES..."
"STANDING OVER THEIR CRADLES... WATCHING THEM BREATHE..."

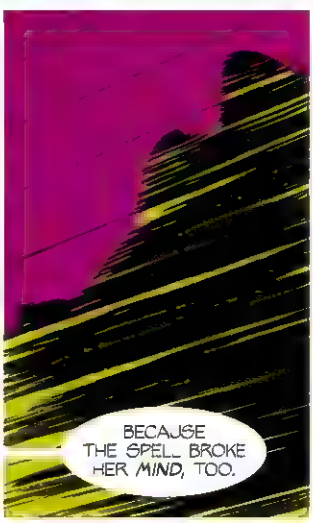
"SHE KNEW THEN WHAT HAD HAPPENED..."
"WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS..."
"THE FAE QUEEN WAS CONTROLLING OUR TOWN... SHE WAS THE MOTHER TO ITS RULING CLASS..."
"AND SHE WAS RAISING THE CHILDREN SHE TOOK BACK IN HER REALM..."
"TURNING THEM INTO MONSTERS FULL OF HER EVIL..."

"BUT EVEN IF I WAS... SOMETHING ELSE... I STILL LOOKED LIKE HER BABY."

SO SHE TRIED TO SAVE YOU... RIGHT?

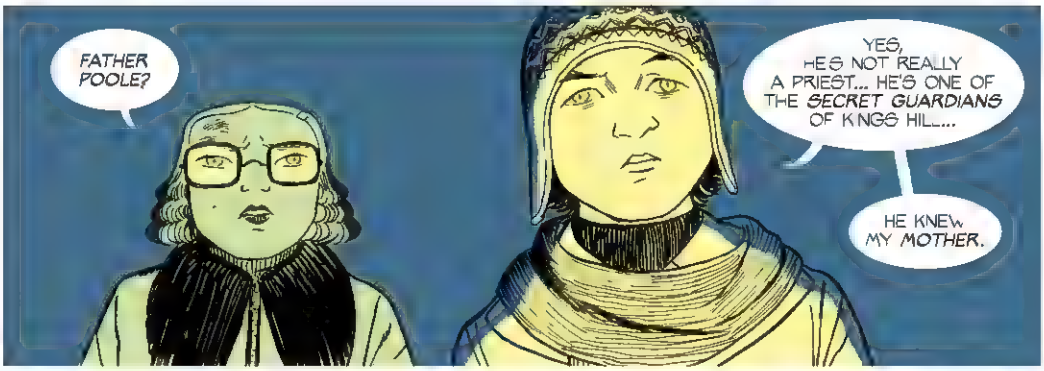
"YES... SHE USED AN ANCIENT SPELL TO BREAK THE WHITE LADY'S HOLD ON ME..."

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE DIFFERENT...
...AND WHY YOUR MOM WENT TO THE ASYLUM.


BECAUSE THE SPELL BROKE HER MIND, TOO.

YES... I'M AFRAID SO...
I'M SORRY, LANCE... THAT'S...
THAT'S TERRIBLE.
BUT SHE DID SAVE ME... SHE DID MORE THAN THAT, REALLY.
SHE MADE ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM... HUMAN OR CREATURE...
MAYBE BOTH.
BUT I'M ME BECAUSE OF WHAT SHE SACRIFICED.

THAT'S... I MEAN... FUCK...
YOU'VE HAD A HELL OF A WEEK, LANCE.
YES... I HAVE.
BARK BARK
OH, PERFECT... THERE THEY ARE.
BANK
BARK BARK


FATHER POOLE?
YES, HE'S NOT REALLY A PRIEST... HE'S ONE OF THE SECRET GUARDIANS OF KINGS HIL...
HE KNEW MY MOTHER.

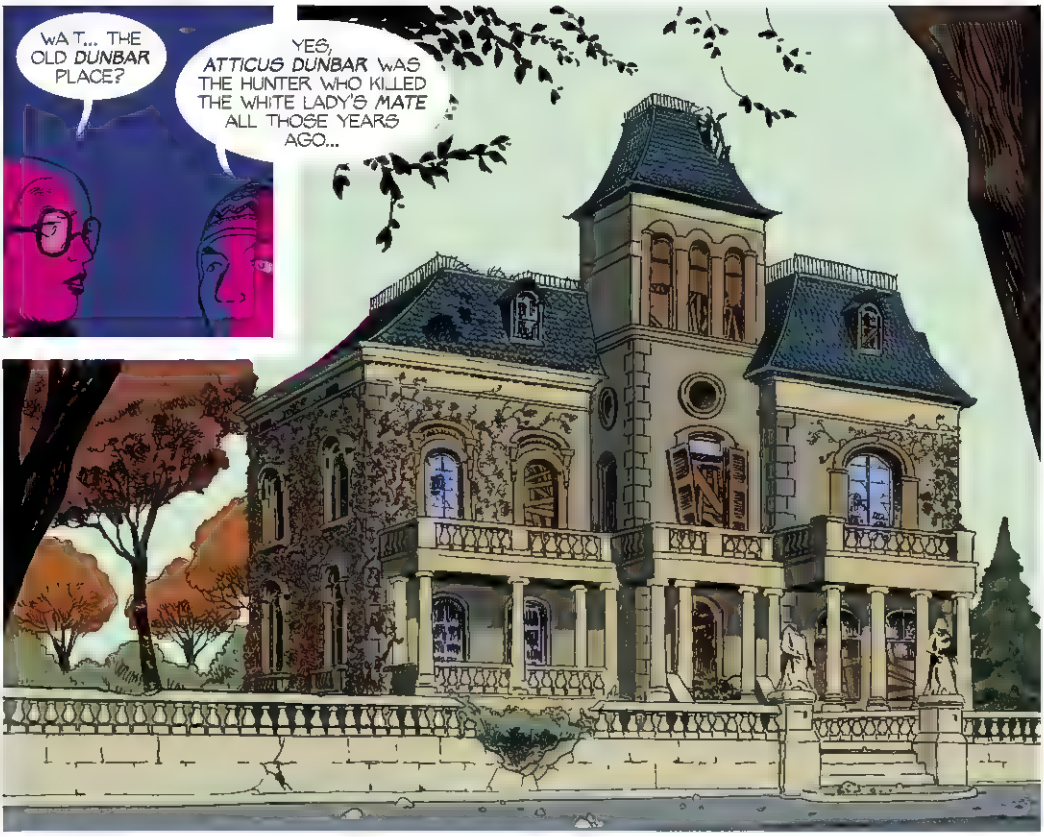
OH GOOD, YOU FOUND HER...
HEY FRIDAY, HOW'RE YOU DOING?
OKAY, I GUESS...
ALTHOUGH MY HEAD'S STILL SPINNING...

YEAH, TIME TRAVEL WILL DO THAT.
HERE, TAKE A SLUG OF THIS...

THANKS.

SO DID YOU GET IT, FATHER POOLE?

YEAH, YOUR MOM WAS *RIGHT* ON THE MONEY...
IT WAS AT THE OLD *DUNBAR HOUSE.*
FOUND IT IN THE *TROPHY ROOM,* BEHIND A FALSE DOOR...
FOUND *WHAT?*
THE *FAE KING...*
...OR WHAT'S *LEFT* OF HIM.


WA T... THE OLD *DUNBAR* PLACE?
YES, *ATTICUS DUNBAR* WAS THE HUNTER WHO KILLED THE WHITE LADY'S *MATE* ALL THOSE YEARS AGO...

THE DUNBARS HAD BEEN ONE OF KINGS HILLS *FIRST FAMILIES*, BUT THEIR ESTATE HAD BEEN *EMPTY* SINCE THE 1880s...

WHEN THE LAST LORD OF THE MANOR, ALEXANDER DUNBAR, HAD LEAPT TO HIS DEATH FROM THE ROOF...

IT WAS A LOCAL LEGEND... THE CURSED HOME OF A CURSED FAMILY...

AND NOW FRIDAY KNEW WHERE THAT CURSE HAD COME FROM... THEY'D BROUGHT IT ON THEMSELVES.
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, LANCE?
IS THIS SKULL PART OF A SPELL YOU'RE GOING TO CAST OR SOMETHING?
NO... IT'S A PEACE OFFERING.
I DON'T THINK WE CAN DEFEAT THE FAE QUEEN...
BUT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH HER.
WHAT? A DEAL...?
OF COURSE... IT'S PART OF FAE TRADITION TO MAKE A BARGAIN.
I MEAN, EVEN THE DEVIL LOVES A DEAL.

AND SO THEY WALKED THROUGH TOWN, HEADING DOWN TO THE HARBOR...
WHILE FATHER POOLE TOLD FRIDAY HIS TRUE STORY, HOW HE WAS A SOLDIER FROM AN ANCIENT ORDER...
SENT TO KINGS HILL BECAUSE IT WAS ONE OF THE PLACES WHERE THE LAYERS OF THE WORLD UNFOLDED...
IT ALL SOUNDED VERY INTERESTING BUT FRIDAY WAS DISTRACTED BY WHAT SHE WAS SEEING...
IT WAS JUST LIKE LANCE HAD SAID, THE HOUSES WERE ALL FROZEN SOLID...
AND SO WERE THE PEOPLE INSIDE THEM.
LANCE... CAN WE SAVE THEM?
I THINK SO... IF THE WHITE LADY LEAVES, HER CURSE WILL LEAVE WITH HER...
I THINK.

FRIDAY HELD ONTO THE *HOPE* IN LANCE'S VOICE UNTIL SHE ACTUALLY SAW THE WHITE LADY AND HER FOLLOWERS.
OUT ON THE FROZEN BAY, PREPARING FOR...
FOR SOMETHING...
WHAT IS SHE *DOING*?
WHAT *IS* THIS, LANCE?
IT'S JUST WHAT YOU *SAID*, A WEEK AGO... AN *INVASION*
I THINK *KINGS HILL* IS JUST HER STARTING POINT.
SHE'S GOING TO SEND HER *CHANGELING ARMY* FAR AND WIDE...
...LIKE A VIRUS... SPREADING *SLOWLY* TOWN BY TOWN.
...UNTIL SHE'S THE QUEEN OF *THIS* REALM, TOO.

S THAT SHERIFF BIXBY?
WAIT- IS HE PART OF YOUR SECRET ORDER, TOO?
NO, JERRY'S NO SOLDIER... BUT HE'S HERE FOR THIS FIGHT, AT LEAST.
HEY FRIDAY... SORRY ABOUT LOCKING YOU UP LAST NIGHT...
THAT'S OKAY... IT'S WHERE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANYWAY, I GUESS.
UH... LANCE SAID YOU'D BE NEEDING THIS...
OH THANKS...
I WILL?
YES... YOU'LL... KNOW WHEN...
JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD.

A STRANGE FEELING CAME OVER FRIDAY JUST THEN...
SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN ANXIETY AND NOSTALGIA...
HERE SHE WAS, YET AGAIN, WALKING INTO DANGER BESIDE LANCELOT JONES...
AND YES, SHE WAS AFRAID OF THE MONSTERS WAITING FOR THEM...
AFRAID FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN, FOR HER MOM AND AUNT JODY...

BUT THIS WAS WHAT SHE WAS MADE FOR, SHE THOUGHT...
HER AND LANCE BOTH...
WHITE LADY -STOP!!
OH... SO THE HALF-BREED *SUCKLING* FINALLY ARRIVES...
DO YOU TRULY THINK YOU AND YOUR KIND OF *FOOLS* STAND A *CHANCE* HERE?
GAINS ME?
NO, I DON'T... BUT I HOPE THERE'S A CHANCE TO *TALK*, AT LEAST...
...MY *QUEEN*.

NO NO NO... YOU DON'T GET TO CALL ME THAT...
YOUR CURSED MOTHER TOOK YOU FAR FROM MY REACH...
YOU'RE NO LONGER ONE OF MINE...
BUT I AM... DID YOU NOT MAKE ME?
HOW DARE YOU?
IF YOU'RE MINE THEN FALL TO YOUR KNEES AND BEG MY FORGIVENESS...
THE STONE BLADE.
NOW.

A HOCKEY PUCK. OF COURSE.
FRIDAY'S NOT EVEN MAD AT LANCE FOR BEING SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT IT...
T'LL TELL YOU
AT THE CREATURES
AT I BRING INTO
HIS WORLD DO,
BOY...
BECAUSE, AGAIN... THIS IS WHAT SHE WAS MADE FOR.
SMAAAK
GAAH-!!
NOO-!!

ALL RIGHT THEN...
...HOW ABOUT THAT TALK?
WHAT IF I JUST TELL MY ARMY TO RIP YOU TO PIECES?
OW ABOUT THAT?
GIVE ME MY DAGGER.

NO... THAT'S NOT THE DEAL I WANT TO OFFER YOU.
BAH...
YOUR SPELLS ARE NOTHING TO ME, BOY.
YOU SEE, MY OTHER MOTHER KNEW SOME MAGIC, TOO...
AND I LEARNED A FEW SPELLS FROM HER JOURNAL...
NOT TO YOU, NO... BUT...
NO-NO- NOT ME-!

YAR

SORRY, MR WADSWORTH...
YOU WERE ALWAYS A HUGE ASSHOLE.

OKAY, FAE QUEEN... SO WE CAN SEE HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE I CAN DISPOSE OF BEFORE YOU KILL US...
OR YOU CAN TAKE YOUR KING'S REMAINS... AND LEAVE US IN PEACE.
THAT IS THE DEAL I OFFER YOU.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

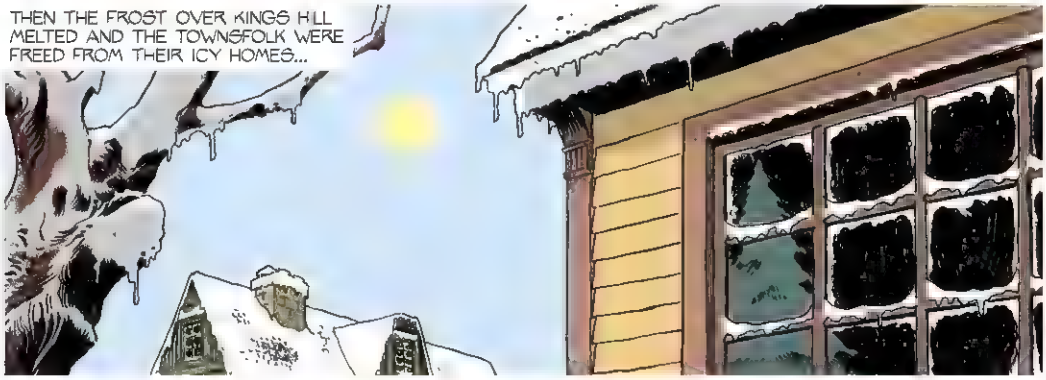
WE FOUND HIM... THE KING SO WRONGLY TAKEN FROM YOU...
AND WE RETURN HIM TO YOU NOW...
WITH A PLEA FOR YOUR MERCY.

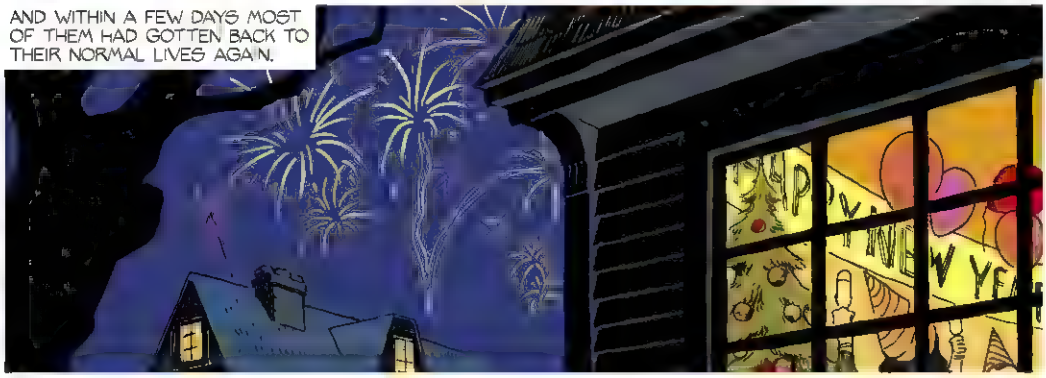
GRRRRRRRR
...OH MY LOVE...
...HOW I'VE MISSED YOU...

...HE WAS JUST... SO KIND...
...SO KIND...
I'M REALLY SORRY.
IS THAT IT...? IS IT OVER?
I DON'T KNOW.

BUT T
WAS OVER.

THE FAE QUEEN TOOK LANCE'S DEAL AND SHE AND HER PEOPLE ALL VANISHED BACK TO HER *OTHER* REALM...


THEN THE FROST OVER KINGS HILL MELTED AND THE TOWNSFOLK WERE FREED FROM THEIR ICY HOMES...


AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS MOST OF THEM HAD GOTTEN BACK TO THEIR NORMAL LIVES AGAIN.

AND NO ONE WAS TOO CONCERNED THAT LANCE WAS NOT ACTUALLY DEAD.
THAT'S HOW THINGS WENT IN KINGS HILL... WEIRD THINGS HAPPENED AND IT WAS BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.
CHRONICLE
Boy Detective Faked Death to Catch Crooks

THOUGH FRIDAY SUSPECTED THERE MIGHT BE LESS WEIRD THINGS NOW THAT THE WHITE LADY'S CURSE HAD BEEN LIFTED...
BUT SHE HOPED THE WEIRD WOULDN'T GO AWAY COMPLETELY...
THE TOWN WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT T.
ALL RIGHT, DAD... I'M JUST GOING TO COLLEGE, NOT THE WAR.
THE KINGS HILL CHRONICLE
Boy Detective Faked Death to Catch Crooks

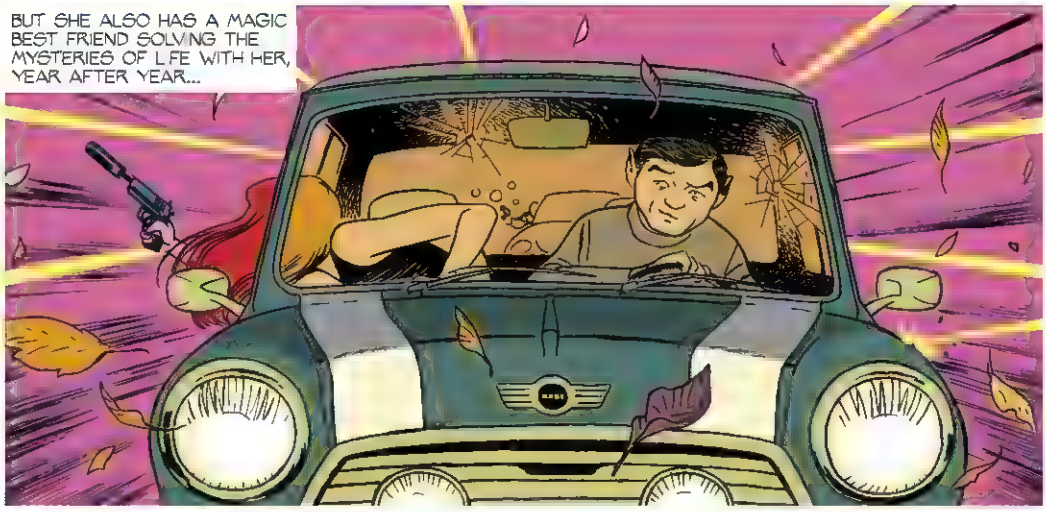
TAKE CARE OF MY BOY, WILL YA', FRIDAY... HE'S NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, THIS ONE.
DON'T I KNOW IT, MR JONES... BUT I'VE GOT HIM.

DON'T WORRY.

SO... ARE YOU READY FOR THIS, LANCE?
THE GREAT BIG WIDE WORLD OUTSIDE OF KINGS HILL?
OF COURSE I AM...
I EVEN BROUGHT DONUTS.
OF COURSE YOU DID.
OH, THERE BETTER BE A CRÈME-FILLED IN THERE
HEY, THAT'S MINE -BACK OFF, BIG HANDS!
BIG HANDS! HOW DARE YOU?!
THEY'RE SETTING OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE, FRIDAY THINKS... AND AS SHE THINKS IT, SHE SEES THE FUTURE UNFOLDING...

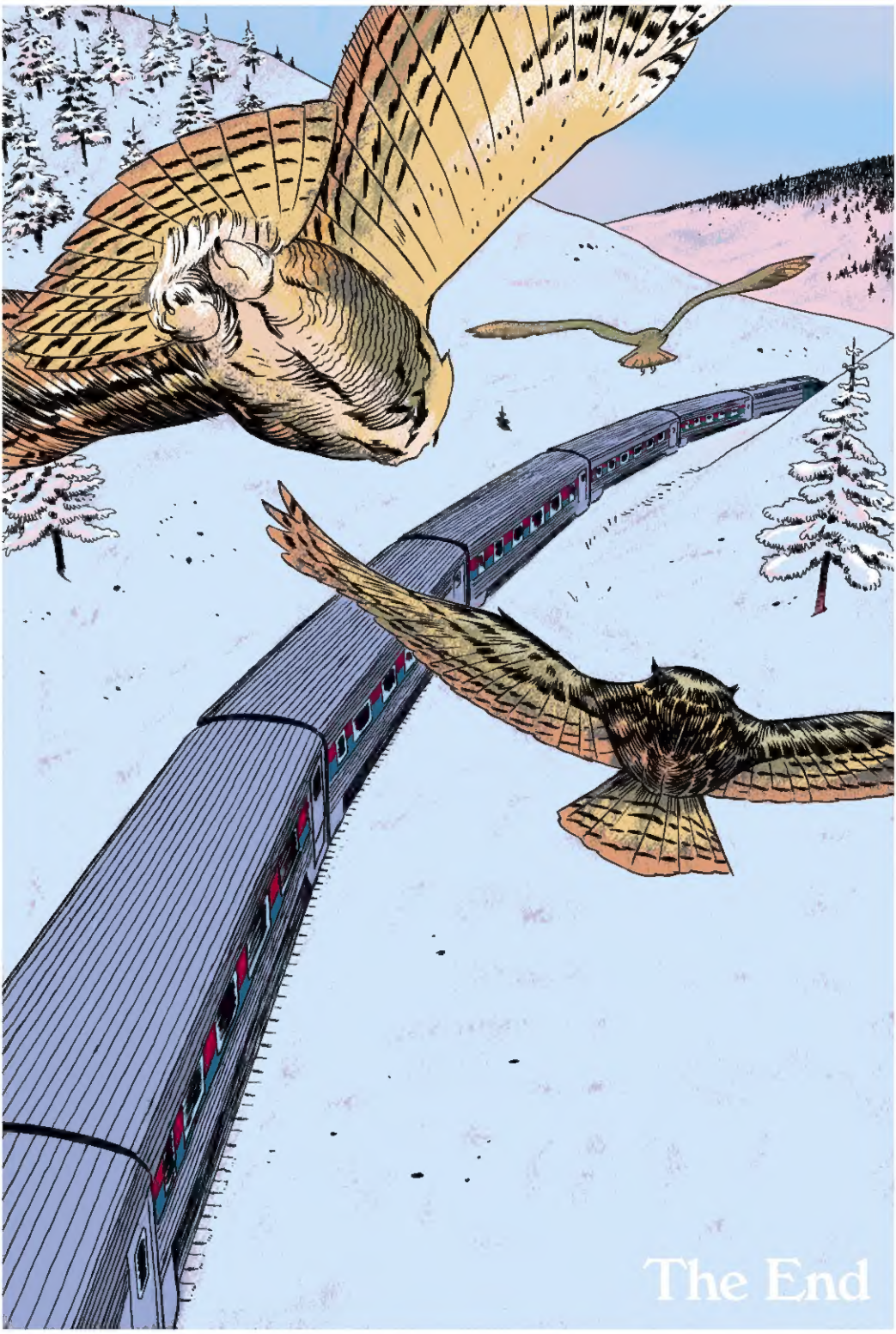
HER AND LANCE AT COLLEGE TOGETHER, FOILING CRIMES...
AND STAYING UP ALL NIGHT IN THE DORMS, STUDYING...
OWLS
STOP WAR
THEN AFTER COLLEGE, TRAVELLING THE WORLD...
DETECTIVES FOR HIRE, BUT ONLY TAKING THE MOST INTERESTING CASES...

AND SHE HAS LOVERS, SHE HAS PASSION FROM TIME TO TIME... EVEN HEARTBREAK.


BUT SHE ALSO HAS A MAGIC BEST FRIEND SOLVING THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE WITH HER, YEAR AFTER YEAR...

SHE SEES IT ALL THERE BEFORE HER, LIKE A DREAM OF WHAT'S TO COME...

AND THEN SHE PUSHES IT AWAY...
THAT CLOUD LOOKS LIKE AN OCTOPUS... THAT'S A BAD SIGN.
NO, IT LOOKS LIKE A FLOWER... BUT SIDEWAYS, KIND OF.
WHATEVER IS TO COME WILL COME...
STOP LOOKING FOR BAD OMENS, YOU.
OKAY, FINE.
BUT RIGHT NOW FRIDAY'S EATING DONUTS WITH LANCELOT JONES, WATCHING THE WORLD RACE BY OUTSIDE...
AND THAT'S ALL SHE WANTS FROM LIFE...
TO JUST BE HERE RIGHT NOW, IN THIS MOMENT.


The End

And So We Come To The End Of Our Rainbow...

What a long strange trip it's been, right? When we started this project, we were in a completely different world... pre-pandemic, pre-lockdown, pre-so many things in my and Marcos and Muntsa's lives that we won't even mention... but it's been a long road and ultimately a fruitful one. FRIDAY is everything I imagined it would be for so long, and much more.

It's hilarious looking back now, that I imagined this whole story would be four or six chapters long, and about 20 pages each. The characters and the town and the magic just completely took over and I wanted to explore every part of it. I mean, Christ, the last chapter is longer than most European graphic albums are. There's obviously some part of me that could keep writing comics about Lance and Friday for many more years. But for now, this is the end.

Working with Marcos and Muntsa has been a dream come true, as well. Every single chapter they surprised me with some sequence that was better than I imagined when I wrote it. There are so many standout moments over these 350something pages, but maybe my favorite was the terrifying sequence when Friday fought the Police Detective as she turned into a monster. That knocked my socks off.

But so did all the subtle human touches of the world. Marcos went overboard creating environments that felt real and lived in, whether it was the tree-fort headquarters, Friday's bedroom, the lighthouse, or the college library, Kings Hill felt like a place where I spent time and knew secrets about. I was a very lucky writer for these past few years, and I will never forget that.

Thanks to all of you who supported the book as we made it chapter by chapter, and those who bought the trades as they were released. The only way to have the comics market you want is to make the kind of comics you'd like to see and cross your fingers they find an audience, and FRIDAY certainly did. And all of you buying it and spreading the word and voting for it in awards made the difference. It always does.

And so we say goodbye now, to our post-young adult heroes and their weird little town in a place I've never been, a place built from nostalgia and intrigue and dreams of what could have been. We're on the last train out of Kings Hill with Friday and Lance... into an uncertain future.

I wish you all the best,

Ed Brubaker
May 2024

AND ONE BRIEF PS...

So this is it. Little did I know back when Ed first told me about his idea for a new comic series it would take us five years to get it done. I realize that says more about my drawing speed than anything else but still. Five whole years.

FRIDAY came at a very strange and tough moment of my life and I'm glad Ed gave Muntsa and me the chance to create this whole world together. These past few years have been hard but they would've been much harder if I hadn't been able to wake up every morning and get lost in the shadows of the snowy trees and mysterious streets of Kings Hill.

So I have no problem admitting I cried when this came to a close. I cried when I read the final pages of the script. I cried when I finished the layouts. And I cried when getting the final inks ready for Muntsa to color. Sure, I didn't cry as hard as the time my sweatshirt got caught in the radiator while I was running after my kid in my apartment's hallway, and I was thrown into the air and landed hard on my back. That shit hurt.

But I did cry, because I knew my days wandering through the dark woods of Kings Hill were over. I'm forever grateful to Ed for letting me be a part of this story. It made me happy at the time I needed it most. And I can only hope it made you happy, too.

Thanks,

Marcos Martín
May 2024

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